Meſſen. Madame, I bring you newes from *Ireland*,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes of Iriſh Kernes, that vncontrolde
Doth plant themſelues within the Engliſh pale,
And burnes and ſpoiles the Country as they go.
Qu. What redreſſe ſhall we haue for this, My Lords?
Yorke. 'Twere good that my Lord of *Somerſet*
That fortunate Champion were ſent ouer,
To keepe in awe the ſtubborne Iriſhmen,
He did ſo much good when he was in France.
Somer. Had *Yorke* bene there with all his farre fetcht
Pollicies, he might haue loſt as much as I.
Yorke. I, for Yorke would haue loſt his life, before
That France ſhould haue reuolted from Englands rule.
Somer. I ſo thou mightſt, and yet haue gouern'd worſe then I.
Yorke. What, worſe then naught? then a ſhame take all.
Somer. Shame on thy ſelfe, that wiſheth ſhame.
Queen. Somerſet forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to croſſe the ſeas,
With troopes of armed men, to quell the pride
Of thoſe ambitious Iriſh that rebell.
Yorke. Well Madame, ſith your Grace is ſo content,
Let me haue ſome bandes of choſen ſoldiers,
And Yorke ſhall trie his fortunes 'gainſt thoſe Kernes.
Queen. Yorke thou ſhalt. My Lord of *Buckingham*,
Let it be it your charge to muſter vp ſuch ſoldiers
As ſhall ſuffice him in theſe needfull warres.
Buck. Madame I will, and leuie ſuch a band
As ſoone ſhall ouercome thoſe Iriſh Rebels.
But Yorke, where ſhall thoſe Soldiors ſtay for thee?
Yorke. At Briſtow, I'le expect them ten daies hence.
Buck. Then thither ſhall they come, and ſo farwell.
Exit Buck.

Yorke. Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.
Queen. Suffolke, remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall, concerning Duke *Humfrey*.
T'were good that you did ſee to it in time,

Come

Come let vs go, that it may be perform'd.
Exit omnes, Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now Yorke bethinke thy ſelfe, and rouze thee vp,
Take time whilſt it is offered thee ſo faire,
Leaſt when thou wouldſt, thou canſt it not attaine,
T'was men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilſt I am buſie in Ireland,
I haue ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
Iohn Cade of *Aſhford*,
Vnder the title of *Iohn Mortimer*,
(For he is like him euery kinde of way)
To raiſe commotion, and by that meanes
I ſhall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and houſe of Yorke,
Then if he haue ſucceſſe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the harueſt which that coyſtrill ſowed,
Now if he ſhould be taken and condemn'd,
Hee'l nere confeſſe that I did ſet him on,
And therefore ere I go ile ſend him word,
To put in practiſe and to gather head,
That ſo ſoone as I am gone he may begin
To riſe in armes with troopes of country ſwaines,
To helpe him to performe this enterprize.
And then Duke *Humfrey*, he well made away,
None then can ſtop the light to Englands Crowne,
But Yorke can tame, and headlong pull them downe.
Exit Yorke.

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke Humfrey is diſcouered in his bed and two men lying on his breſt, and ſmothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.
Suff. How now ſirs, what haue you diſpatcht him?
One I my Lord, hee's dead I warrant you.
Suff. Then ſee the cloathes laid ſmoothe about him ſtill,
That when the King comes, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.